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The MIRROR

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WILLIAM PEPPER
Class President, 1928

AUDREY CLARK
Class Vice-President, 1928

1928

Class History

September 9, 1925. Who among us will ever forget that day? How could we forget the day we entered Waltham High School?

Of course everyone remembers the first day at Waltham High when we were called "insignificant sophs", and other uncomplimentary things by the revengeful Juniors and the lofty Seniors, who seemed to us to own the school. Some of us tried to appear unconcerned about going to high school and attempted to gain admission before the eight o'clock bell, but we were brought down to earth with a thud in the midst of, "Hey Soph, don't be too eager to get in."

After waiting interminably, we were summoned to the auditorium. (It has since become the assembly hall.) Half of us, in order not to miss anything, tried to grab the front seats, but we were doomed to disappointment and embarrassment because someone said, "Sophomores to the rear, please." Mournfully we wended our way to the rear, and there thoroughly subdued, we sat in silence while the upper classes were assigned their rooms. At last our turn came. We were told the number of our rooms and were also given instructions on how to find them. With those instructions we were turned loose. It was appalling to see how many could not follow directions properly. After much needless wandering we found our dreaded abode. There we were told to copy the day's program which was on the board. When the bell rang, we filed to our first class. There we were given books and assigned lessons. Can you imagine that? Lessons the first day in school!

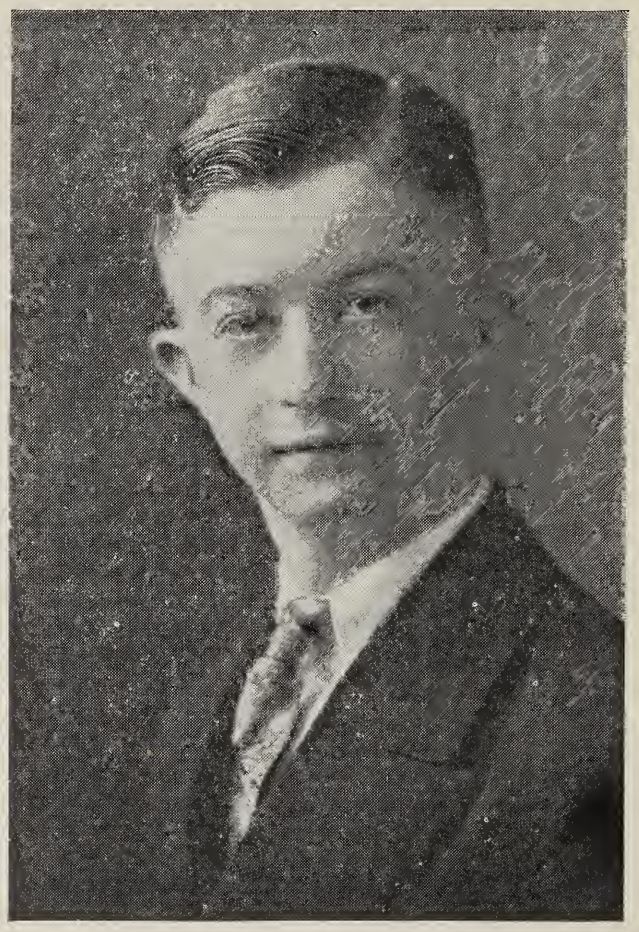
From the first day until Thanksgiving the boys devoted much of their time to football. The team, with the help of a few of our Sophomore boys, had a good season, defeating such teams as Concord, Fitchburg, Haverhill, Lynn General Electric, Concord, N. H., Norwood, and Brockton. During the same time the girls did their bit in that rough game of warclubs—Field Hockey.

Just before Thanksgiving, report cards were issued, and as Paine said, "These are the times that try men's souls."

Shortly after, the class held its first meeting in the assembly hall for the purpose of electing class officers. The officers chosen were: William Ellworthy, President; Kathryn Jacobs, Vice President; Donald Pitcher, Secretary-Treasurer; Herbert Bailey, Auditor; and Marion Evans, Athletic Representative.

During the winter months our friend, John L., had his hands full when he successfully coached the basketball and hockey teams to a winning season. The North Junior Gym was also used to good advantage by the girls.

Then came our first social. Will we ever forget that night? Did we enjoy the games, dancing, and refreshments? I'll say we did.



VICTOR KJOSS
Class Historian, 1928

With the coming of report cards came also the call for baseball candidates. It was noticeable that the number of candidates dropped after the results of the cards became known. Nevertheless our Sophomores helped the team.

In May we began to feel important. Why shouldn't we? Weren't we allowed to choose our electives for the next year? More than one wished he might take gym or even shop in place of English.

Soon the time came when we said good-bye to the Seniors. Most of us pretended, at least, to be sorry. We wished them all good luck, but deep down in our hearts most of us did not have too much love for those lofty Seniors with their uncomplimentary remarks. A few days later we too were released from our studies.

The jolly, carefree days of summer soon passed, and autumn saw us once more brought back to the fold. We were now the revengeful Juniors, and we found the greatest pleasure in calling the members of the incoming class "infants".

Prior to the opening of school the boys began football practice. This year the team had the most successful season since "Jack" himself carried the ball. The team won the State Championship with no defeats and only one tie. Of course much of the success in the line was due to the defense contributed by our Junior boys. As usual the girls had their fun at field hockey.

At a meeting in the assembly hall we elected our class officers. Our new officers were: William Ellworthy, President; Audrey Clark, Vice President; Mildred Sibley, Secretary-Treasurer; Rudolph Sundquist, Auditor; Roger Smith, Athletic Representative; and Marion Evans, Alternate Representative. Later we chose our class colors and motto. Our colors are powder blue and white, while the motto which we are to take with us is *Esse Quam Videri* (*To Be Rather Than To Seem*).

As the winter months came and went the boys and girls played basketball. A school hockey team was again organized. Later with the coming of spring the call for baseball candidates was sent forth by Mr. Leary.

At last our long expected social came. It was in the form of a "Poverty Party." This was a huge success because of the novelty of the idea. Practically everyone was dressed in old clothes. A good time was had by all.

Before the year had a chance to come to a close, we gave what was (in our opinion at least) the best reception ever given to Seniors, not because we loved them so, but because we were glad that they were going out into the cruel, cruel world. Another reason was that it is a time-honored custom to show this courtesy to the graduating class. For this gala occasion Nuttings was most artistically decorated with our colors and motto. In respect to the Seniors their colors and motto were conspicuously displayed. Just to be different, the evening was not opened with the customary speeches by the two Class Presidents, but was devoted entirely to dancing. The boys in their blue coats and white flannels and the girls in their evening gowns of various hues presented a sight not to be soon forgotten. The dance floor held no attractions for some youthful couples, who in search of romance filled the back porch to capacity. The evening passed altogether too soon to suit us. Shortly before midnight we turned our steps homeward with the feeling that our Junior Prom was

the most delightful occasion of our social life.

It was not long after the Prom that the school year closed, with the lucky Seniors, as usual, getting out a few days earlier than the rest of us. Thus ended our second year.

Before we were aware of it, we were again back in the harness. Seniors in Waltham High! Was that sweet music to our ears? And how! Were we not the highest class in the school? You may all rest assured that we made the lower classes feel who carried the dignity of the school.

To see Captain "Red" Wright lead his warriors on the gridiron was certainly an inspiring sight. Although the boys did not fill the State Champion shoes, they certainly played remarkably well considering the great handicap in the form of light weight.

For the last time the Class gathered for the purpose of electing its officers. The final officers are: William Pepper, President, Audrey Clark, Vice President; Herbert Bailey, Secretary; Paul Winterhalter, Treasurer; Walter Arnold, Auditor; and Ernest "Red" Wright, Athletic Representative. Later Jarvis Farley was elected Chairman of the Senior Dance Committee. On the evening of December 16, 1927, you could have found us at Nuttings'-on-the-Charles. For this occasion the committee had decorated the hall very prettily.

With the beginning of cold weather, "Jack" prepared to organize a school hockey team. Besides coaching a hockey team that had an even season (no, not even,—worse), John L. had to run a program of interclass basketball games. This about turned gray the few remaining hairs on his head.

In January we elected a Senior Play Committee headed by Herbert Bailey. They chose the play "Thank You", a comedy in three acts, and shortly before the February recess, Miss Chapman held tryouts for the parts. The lucky ones rehearsed faithfully, and on the two nights of March 23 and 24 the play was presented to appreciative audiences that filled the South Junior High School Auditorium.

This spring the boys held the first few baseball practices (and they were very few) on the lot behind the school.

While the season was progressing, we turned our attention to class pictures. Several samples were submitted. The class voted to give its order to Purdy's of Boston.

Soon came the last social event in our high school career. We were the guests at the Junior Promenade given by the class of 1929. Their reasons for giving it were probably the same as ours. This class followed the precedent set by our class and devoted the entire evening to dancing. We returned home with the feeling that the Prom given by the class of '29 equalled our own.

Now as we are about to enter the cold, cold world, our thoughts turn back to the deeds we have done in the past. All of them, probably, were not done so well as others would have them done, but they were always done to the best of our ability. Now let us face the future, and as we go forth let us strive to work and live by our motto, *To Be Rather Than To Seem.*

Victor Kjoss, '28

The Will of the Class of 1928

We, the members of the Class of 1928 of Waltham High School, being of sound body and mind do make this our last will and testament, thereby declaring to be null and void all previous documents and codicils.

We bequeath to Mr. Hollis a new and complete set of electrical apparatus to be used to unbalance the equilibrium of the present junior class.

To Miss Clement we leave an individual refrigerator, that she may shiver by herself, and that the junior class may study in the warmth of closed windows.

To Mr. Ward we leave a working plan for a happy school, in which the arrangements for extra-curricular activities shall be quite satisfactory, although in the happy school of Mr. Ward's dreams, the major subjects would be said extra-curricular activities. We leave Mr. Ward permission to direct as many clubs as he may see fit, the purpose of which clubs shall be the facilitation of English work in the classroom. This movement should be very popular with the kiddies.

To Miss Spencer we bequeath a more intelligent class in geometry, so that the excuses for unprepared work may be more original.

To Mr. Hodge we leave a notebook in which to inscribe expressions as he hears them, in order that the old ones may have a rest.

To Miss Pratt we respectfully bequeath a Doomsday Book to hold the names of whisperers in her classes.

Since the best basketball team is graduating, we leave Miss Sewall a new set of champions..

Although the gift was made before our demise, we hereby recognize the bequest to Mr. Burke of a successor to Mrs. Faulkner.

To Mr. Rounds we leave the privilege of liberating all seniors studying in his classes, from candy, gum, and other edibles.

To Miss Darmody, by virtue of her recent performance, we leave a contract with Cecil B. De Mille as star in any play she may choose.

To Mr. Kimball we leave one hundred well-sharpened pencils to pass around to the members of his class who come unprepared.

To Miss Rigby we leave a noisy class, for her life has been too easy with a commercial class that refuses to whisper even in the absence of a teacher.

To Miss Burgess we leave a History of Art class whose zeal for the subject shall be less than ours, for the ardor with which we have pursued the study must be the cause of her disgust at the end of a class.

As we have noticed how steadily Miss Marcher and Mrs. Cleary can talk, we leave a phonograph, supplied with library lectures and English lectures respectively. We make this bequest in an effort to save a great deal of breath.

We leave Miss Hall a little automatic jarvis to look up words in the dictionary.

Having thus generously enriched our teachers, we now pass to the general bequests to the junior class.

Since, after personal observation, we have decided that the junior class is amply supplied with brains, and also that we cannot spare ours, we

have decided not to bequeath those brains, but to retain them for future use.

On the other hand, we do leave the hard-boiled attitude of the senior class to its successors. They will need it in their bouts with Milton and Virgil.

Knowing the need in Waltham High School of text-books on the subject, we leave to the junior class a carefully edited volume of the history of Lincoln, Massachusetts, included in its pages to be the hour for curfew, the last train back to Waltham, and the walking distance in case the train leaves early.

Last of all, we leave the junior class most optimistic hopes for a new school.

After thus remembering those we leave behind, we can only say, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

In witness whereof we have set our hand and seal this fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

JEAN HUGHES, '28.

Class Prophecy

May I open—inaugurate, so to speak—my little offering in a newspaper office? And in Indiana? Of course, I understand that such procedure is a bit out of the ordinary. The stock setting for all worthwhile prophecies is either in one's breakfast-room, on the public highway, or in the lobby of some second-class hotel. However, I hope a digression may prove acceptable, and, anyway, I've always had a penchant for newspaper offices: they're *so* romantic—and Indiana is the state that so heartily rallied 'round the G. O. P. banner by endorsing Hoover. So, with your kind permission and lenient, forbearing attention, 'tis in a newspaper office in an Indiana small town that my story opens.

I was sitting at my desk in the northwest-by-west corner of the ten-by-eight editorial room, endeavoring to render into readable literature an arid account of a recent funeral.

After an hour of unremitting perspiration, during which aqueous period I had completely inundated the desk top and the heterogeneous collection of unaccepted literary gems thereupon, I had finally reached the part where I disclose to the reader the identity of the corpse's sister on his father's side, when my old—not literally, of course—friend and literary advisor, *Eunice O'Clair*, ambled over to my desk.

Eunice, incidentally and by the way, holds the only sinecure of the otherwise well-managed establishment. She, ladies and gentlemen, triumphantly executes the arduous duties of society editor! Grasp it, classmates, grasp it if you can—society editor on a penny scandal sheet in a town of eleven hundred misguided souls! Society editor!

With Eunice's kind permission, I will regale you with a choice extract from her "Society Items" column: "Little Miss Marjorie Webber, charming offspring of the recent Fiske-Webber union, cut her first bicuspid this morning. Congratulations, Doris and Donald!"

Well, as I was saying, ere I de-

gressed—friend Eunice sauntered over to my desk, draped a trim, silk-stockinged nether extremity over the corner thereof, and informed me that the city editor wished to see me.

Interviews with that Great Mogul, the city editor, are a rarity and an occasion to remember. I say a rarity, because he is generally closeted with his very private secretary, *Dorothy Dart*, with the "In conference" sign on the door.

And I say an occasion to remember, because the last time he wished to "see me", it was to give me a difficult assignment. Even the city editor himself admitted it was difficult. Well, sir, it *was* difficult. Seems that somehow or other, two pugnaciously-inclined prize-fighters, *Ralph Nelson* and *Ludwig Mossberg*, had been indulging in an altercation as to who was to take *Helen Byam*, the chorus lady who put Bemis on the map, to the Penny Arcade. The affair had all the earmarks of terminating in a rugged catch-as-catch-can back-woodsman style of combat until the question of purse arose. Neither cauliflower-eared leather-pusher would consent to commit mayhem on the person of his brother tradesman 'till a sufficient stipend should be advanced to remunerate the belligerent for such sundry abrasions as he should chance to receive.

Well, affairs were taking on peaceful aspects once more, and the town police force, *John Cassidy*, was jacking up a wilted trouser leg preparatory to leaving the scene, when some misguided philanthropist—I've a sneaking suspicion it was *Herbert Bailey*, the Mauling Methodist, and a one-round pugilist of note, laid a bank-note on the side-walk. It was upon the resultant mob scene that I was supposed to report. I've often wondered who got the other part of the five spot. My half is no good.

I see I have digressed once more. Pardon it, I beg of you.

Let's see—I was supposed to see the city editor, wasn't I? Well, as I rapped, albeit a bit timidly on the sacred portals, Dorothy—I still call her Dorothy—blushingly removed the deceitful "In conference" sign, and bade me enter.

Like all good editors, *Mr. Farley*—for of course it could be no other—ignored my entrance for a few moments, to allow me time to become—as he fondly thought I would—a bit nervous, as some reporters do. You know the way they are—timid, bashful, and all that. I wasn't nervous a bit, just a little curious and afraid of being assigned to cover another mob scene.

After I had cleared my throat a few times, sort of suggesting in a gentle way that I was there, Jarvis wheeled around in his padded swivel chair and regarded me with friendly eyes. I don't like people looking at me in that kindly, patronizing fashion. I resent it.

"Do you believe in life after death?" Jarve is like that—always bursting out with some unexpected, unanswerable conundrum.

Now it happens that I do believe in life after death, most firmly. All my folks have, from way back. But it seemed hard to tell Jarve, "A-b-u-n-er—"

"That's what I thought." (still in that kindly, patronizing tone) "Now, Horack, get this—, I want an editorial on the life after death question. Life after death", he repeated patiently, as tho' talking to an infant. "Life after death. Good day."

Jarve is like that. Abrupt. To-the-point.

Clapping my last year's Fedora to its common seat, I left the newspaper offices. Editorial writing! My big chance had come! Why, when

my life after death editorial was immortalized in print, I would be famous. Big newspaper syndicates from Waverley and Roberts would bid for my services—I'd be rich, rich and famous. But first to get some material on the subject in question.

Being a gentleman of extremely high intellectual qualities, I didn't immediately rush pell-mell to the library. No, not me. I sat down on a convenient car track and viewed the situation calmly.

Life—after death. That has to do with spiritualism; spiritualism with religion; religion with a minister. Of course! Seek out a minister!

Norman Wright's palatial residence was just across the street, so I heaved myself to my feet, preparatory to dashing over to Norm's in quest of ecclesiastical assistance and perhaps a glass of Norm's home brewed cherry cordial. That's as far as I got.

I glimpsed, almost on top of me, and about to sit heavily upon me, the gigantic behemothically-proportioned lines of a common street car. I had just reached as far as—"down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul—" when It happened.

As in a dream I heard hurried, excited voices. Then a blank. Then in another dream, I felt a tape measure being drawn tightly about my chest, and being extended from my forehead to my largest pedal digit. Mutterings of "Hard pine. Plush lining. Bronze handles. Sad, very sad, but good business."

I was in the ruthless hands of a certain tow-headed, bespectacled lad who had always averred he would "get" me. He did.

* * * *

For a few years after my death I ghosted about the world, flitting to and fro and hither and yon, concerning myself chiefly with Europe and Asia, South America, Alaska, Australia, and the South Sea Islands—particularly the latter. Honestly, it's fun being a ghost. A real honest-to-goodness dyed-in-the-wool ghost that has spooked about for a few years or so soon learns how to spirit himself about, from hither to yon and back again. He learns how to walk thru' walls, to rap on tables, and to put over all those ghostly accomplishments at which the average mortal scoffs.

By talking with a few casual ghost acquaintances I learned that we dead folks had to amuse ourselves somehow for a few thousand years or so 'til Judgment Day, when all the ghosts and spooks and shades and what-not will rally 'round Saint Peter to be assigned our last homes—heavenly or otherwise.

Well, as I was saying, I ghosted around Europe and Asia for a few years after my funeral—which was, by the way, the best I ever attended—and learned the knack of walking thru' doors and walls, and rocking tables, and all that sort of lore that every accomplished, self-respecting ghost should know.

Then one day—I remember I was attending an opera in Paris—I felt the urge to return to the place of my nativity. I had sickened of all things foreign; I was homesick. Europe had palled, and Waltham called. Suiting action to thought, I spirited myself to the Home of the Waltham Watch.

* * * *

Waltham had thrived during—and not because of—my absence. In place of our antiquated, venerable alma mater stood a modern, ten-storied brown stone-fronted architectural triumph covering approximately thirty acres of Massachusetts soil.

It was while visiting some of our old fiends—friends, I mean—the faculty, that I first heard of the Reunion Dance for the Class of 1928. I overheard *Mildred Sibley*, newly installed professoress of the King's English, telling *Stuart Dexter* (who by the way, expects to graduate almost any year now) that practically the entire Class of 1928 expected to attend. One of the features of the function, Mildred told Stuart, was that all the classmates would appear clothed in the habiliments of their professions. For instance, a painter would wear his paint clothes, a workman his workclothes, an undertaker his under—and so on. Being a loyal classmate, even tho' not concrete or material, I resolved to attend the function.

* * * *

The evening of the Reunion was warm and moonlit—just such an evening as we enjoyed at the last Senior Dance. Nuttings-(still)-on-the-Charles-River-Bank scintillated with diamond-like splendor from the light of a myriad borrowed Chinese lanterns. The syncopatant, tantalizing strains of so-called music produced by *Wesley Laurin's* Super-Special Six Orchestra. (Pianist—*Ronald Burkes*, cornet — *Nathan Kaplan*, clarinet—*Edwin Pratt*, sax and flute—*Ellery Clark*, harmonica—*Paul Noonan*, and drums—*Pat Ryan*. I pluralize "drums" because "Pat", forgetting the dynamo incased in his hawser-like bicepts ruins on the average, six drums per night). This group of symphonians is famed from Mattapan to South Boston—inclusively. They owe a lot to Pat's enthusiastic drumming.

As I say, Wesley's orchestra was there to do its noblest or expire trying. Lanterns illuminated the elaborately-bedecked hall. All was perfect. But who wants to dance with a ghost?

The affair was gayly gala. The weirdest of costumes mingled and blended, hesitatingly at first, and then with added assurance, with the ministerial robes of the pulpit, with barristers' conservative greys, and with the radical hues of the dandy.

As I have remarked elsewhere, everyone appeared in the dress of his chosen vocation. Painters wore their paint clothes, workmen their work clothes, and so on. But even so, I firmly believe that *Paul Wentworth* was carrying the thing too far when he appeared clad in a suit of pink and green striped B. V. D's.

Forgetting that my corporial construction would not permit it, I asked *Marion Evans*, who was tastefully attired in a billowing pair of gym bloomers—and a middy, of course—for the first dance. In reply to my soundless petition, Marion rudely walked through me, into the arms of a hoe—common garden variety. The hoe was *Frederick Butler*, and that was Fred's way of informing his classmates that the breeding, raising, and propagation of yellow horse-shoe violets was his life work.

I was a bit surprised, and, I confess, a bit more frightened, when I beheld a weird-looking monkey wrench with appendages—namely, one head, two arms, and a pair of pedal extremities—dashing madly about over the floor. Knowing *Lloyd Cail's* failing as I do, however, I realized that the harmless lad only intended to tell his fellow mates that the adjustment of faulty Chevrolet carburetors filled his family coffers.

The three Lincolnites—need I name them?—*Eva Johanson*, *Mary MacAskill*, and *Caroline Seeckts*, wore principally a look that was lean, hungry, and expectant, that look, you know, that is so common among cho-

rus girls, which the trio undoubtedly were. Three twenty-eighters, *Paul Winterhalter*, *Walter Arnold*, and *Harold Levison*, altho' being nabobs of the highest order, followed the Lincoln trio about with hopeful doggedness. It's strange how badly some people want to spend money upholstering the interiors of poor, undernourished ladies of the chorus.

Allan Robertson was there, of course. The most prominent features of Allan's get up were: first, a huge, all-enveloping garrison belt, and, second, numerous horseshoe-shaped bruises. The Army, especially the Cavalry branch, has ruined many more good men too.

Norman Slayton's all-enveloping checkered kitchen apron was easily the brightest oasis in a desert of color. Besides the apron, Norm wore a patient hang-dog expression and a half-grown fuzzy mustache, in its earliest stages of growth. Leaning heavily upon this gentleman's good right arm was *Louise Carney Slayton*, which was as it should be. The fact that Louise bore a triumphant smile and a ready-to-wield rolling pin—well, that was *not* as it should be. However, I can imagine that the Slayton family is one of these ideal unions wherein both parties have really lived happily ever after. A long life and very few grocery bills to 'em!

As a companion to Lloyd's monkey wrench outfit appeared a Stilson wrench regalia, amply filled with *James Gannon*, Waltham's premier plumber. If Jimmy forgets his tools as he used to forget his books—!

Esther Kyte and *Eileen Hardyman* really shouldn't have worn their costumes at all—I mean they should have worn something else. Their costumes were dead give-aways. A cardboard bottle, large enough to cover the person from neck to knee—permitting, of course, an occasional turning of the head and unhampered genuflection—marked on the label with the skull and crossbones and a few x's. But really, I know some very respectable, home-loving, family-raising bootleggers and bootleggeresses, and you couldn't ask for better people.

Pauline Johnson was there too. I imagine her profession was difficult to portray by the average costumer, so she just wore her mane long and mildly flowing, as is the style of all aspiring musicians. Deep circles under Pauline's eyes testified to the assiduity with which she plied her trade. She'll be a violinist yet; wait and see.

The hot-dog concession had been secured by *Henry Zelinetsky*, the Hot Dog King of America, who knows all about matters concerning edibles, if not digestibles. King Henry was doing a flourishing business, as the mustard streaks on the chins and whiskers of numerous classmates testified.

His Lordship's wares tempted *Ernest Wright*, who was dressed as a nationally—nay—internationally famous knight of the rod and rail would be dressed. Ernie, as usual, was canvassing among his classmates, bumming—I mean soliciting—dimes with which to purchase His Royal Highness's roll—frankfurt—and mustard combination.

Jack Libby was attired as an eminently successful pianist, organist, and socialist should be—a scarlet cape, French beret, long, uncut hair, and passionate eyes (you girls know the kind). Yessir, Jack cut quite a figure. He played the organ in the Old something-or-other-in Boston.

My attention was attracted to the ornately decorated figure of a youth who appeared to the naked eye as having attained, and celebrated, say,

HORACE TAPPLY
Class Prophet, 1928

his eleventh or twelfth birthday. *Albert Marshall's* costume consisted of several dozen dart-pierced hearts pinned haphazardly over his diminutive person. A breaker of hearts is Al. Ever since his High School days he has been the same way. Doctors and alienists entertain little hope for the lad. Poor Al!

After a few warming-up dances, the master of ceremonies, *David Nolan*, (Saint Vitus's protegé and rival) announced that a few novelty numbers would ensue.

In the first number *William Pepper*, dressed in the costume of a court jester and wearing a facial expression somewhat similar to Will Rogers came out, and executed a few dance steps (They should have been executed ere this). He also rendered a few modern song hits, such as "Darlin' Nellie Gray," "The Cat Came Back," and other gems of contemporary vintage. Then Willyum regaled his auditors with a brand new line of snappy jokes.

"Who," asked Billy of himself, "was that lady you were with last night?"

"That lady," Pep replied seriously, "that lady was no lady. That lady was my w—."

A rush of classmates, the opening of a door, a loud splash, a gurgling, and Mr. Nolan announced the second act.

Edward Fay and *Carl Frederickson*, the "Two True Blue Bluebirds", presented a-er-humorous dialogue. Carl and Eddie had been touring the country, it seems, and had garnered a whole mess—used advisedly—of snappy, sappy conundrums. These, they ventured to hope, would put the preceeding-er- comedian to shame, if in his present damp state he was capable of such sentiments.

"How do you know," queried Eddie of Carl, "that the moon is made of green cheese?"

Because," responded Carl promptly, "I'm a sea and I've been to sail'er. I mean I'm a sailor, and I've been to see."

A tense silence settled over the audience. Then another rush, a few excited cries, two separate splashes—and the Charles had claimed its third victim.

The next act was a revue. A bevy of Waltham girls under the appellation *Digfield's Dolly Girls* had just finished an extensive tour of the world. They had appeared and tripped the airy fantastic before such dignitaries as King George, Premier Mussolini, and an appreciative audience at the world-famous sailors' dive, Moulin Rouge. They had consented to perform at the Reunion Dance because many of them were Class of Twenty-eighters.

Among their number I noticed *Mildred Borden*, *Helen Cornett*, *Priscilla Marshall*, *Marie Lawson*, and *Muriel Brown*. The solo parts were delegated to *Constance Bolio*, another twenty-eighter who will long be remembered. Connie had shown her talent at an early and tender age.

While Digfield's Dollies were perspiringly imitating the light-footed Saint Vitus, I wandered about the hall, searching for more familiar faces.

I found, tucked snugly in one badly illuminated corner, *Joanna Bryden* and *Joy MacLean*, both deep in the throes of composition. Joy was assiduously chewing the less important end of her pencil, racking her be-muddled thinker for a word to rhyme with "violet". I couldn't help her any.

Joanna, however, was writing rapidly, to keep pace with her racing thoughts. A poetess without peer is Joanna. I wish them both a long life and vocabularies consisting of

innumerable euphoniously similar words.

In another corner I ran across *Charles Logan*, *Harold Durkin*, *John Whalen*, *Harold Rines* and *Howard Marshall* arguing vociferously and heatedly over the day's stock market results. Stockbrokers, millionaires, these lads, true products of Waltham High. A long life to them also, and may Brass Doorknobs, Inc., reap for them much kale and lucre.

A rather diminutive person clad in Boy Scout raiment and carrying a silvery trumpet, a scout knife, a length of clothes-line, and an emergency kit walked nonchalantly thru' me without so much as a by-your-leave. *Paul Ross* of course, roving about in search of a good turn to turn. An honor to his class is Paul. Never will his name be linked up with the unsavory. A long life and innumerable good-turn opportunities to him!

I honestly hate to tell this about *Kathryn Jacobs*, but I must. Kay was dressed simply—simply stunningly! Knowing Miss Jacob's one ambition, I at once knew that she was a real society lady. And this is the part I hate to tell—Kathryn was looking for a man! 'S a fact. Any eligible gentleman with sufficient coins and bills and cheque books and bank accounts and automobiles and city houses and country houses and good looks and so on would satisfy Kathryn. I wondered if she would find her soul mate at the Reunion. Ye Nabobs, beware!

By this time Digfield's Dolly Girls had perspired their last drop of perspiration, and had left the hall for a dip in the Charles. Came the next, and, incidentally and fortunately, the last act.

Trapeze performers — Heaven smile upon 'em! First *Jean Hughes* swung daringly out over the heads of the audience, then back again to catch *Ruth Peterson*, then the two swung out, and back again, to catch *Ethel Livermore*. Over the pates (many of them bald) of the thrilled audience wavered the three, and back again, to pick up the fourth performer, *Frances Daley*. They caught her all right, but some where a cog slipped, and the quartette swung far over the audience—too far over the audience—and out thru' the open door into the Charles. A splash—a cry—two cries in fact—a sickened silence on the part of the audience—and Wes Laurin's Orchestra, with great presence of mind, struck up an alluring waltz, and the ill-fated four were forgotten.

Once more I commenced my invisible promenading about the hall, in search of familiar faces.

Lillian Smith, *Bertha Berman*, *Rebecca Cushinsky*, and *Sarah Krongard* were wearing severe, tailored business suits of the female kick-pleated variety. You know the kind—mannish and all that. Business ladies they were, stenographers, secretaries, and what-not. The kind of positions where they either marry the boss's son or become corners in Eternal Triangle cases.

A couple of our diamond luminaries who have since their high school days turned professional were there, wearing the striped regalia of their profession—*James Harrigan*, shortstop supreme of the Waverley Wonders and *Arthur Coffin*, who chases flies for the Lincoln Town Team. Our alma mater has certainly turned out good stuff.

One of the greatest surprises of my evening was when I ran across *Victor Kjoss*, be-spectacled and scholarly, morosely moping about the hall carrying a large leather-encased quarto under his arm. Over Vic's

left ear reposed one fountain pen, three pencils, and one eraser. I guessed that being Class Historian had gone to the lad's head, and that he had taken up history-writing as a profession. At the time he was engaged in writing a complete history of the thriving municipality of Auburndale.

Albert Spessotti, as would be expected, was a business man. His bald head, bandy legs, general corpulence and apparent opulence were not to be mistaken. Meet the founder of the Home for Decrepit Office Girls—the lad who can always be depended upon for a dinner, a luncheon, a show, a party, a dance—anything. Reliable Al!

And *Carolyn Gibbs!* I really ought to keep this about Cal to myself, but it's my duty to expose her. All you classmates know what hopes we had for her—a chorus girl, keeper of a night club, a cabaret dancer—but no, I'm sorry to say, Cal has surprised and even disappointed many of us. The young lady who was no longer so young sat sedately in one corner, quietly working an embroidery design on a pair of green silk suspenders. 'Tis a hard cross for the Class to bear, but bear it we must.

Amy Dunder was the same way. She sat with Carolyn knitting a pair of woolen wristers for the gallant lads who are working so tirelessly and ceaselessly catching young papooses in the distant frozen North. It's people like Amy that keep them working even in the face of constant danger and hardship.

Everywhere one special outfit dominated: Brown leather helmets, jackets of the same material, riding breeches and leather puttes—the aviator's warm attire. Lindberghs were everywhere. The first I noticed was *George Keane* whose lifelong ambition had been realized. *Francis Houston*, *John Thomas*, *William Milligan* and *Aldo Minotti*—dauntless bird-men, everyone. I noticed that the leather-clad eagles were the more popular with the-er-weaker sex. No wonder the air is getting so traffic-congested. Never mind, ladies, you can't walk back from an aeroplane ride.

Fred Bickford wore the duster and absorbed air of a chemist. Under the careful coaching of an esteemed member of the faculty, Fred had attained the high position of head chemist in the bean department in Heinz's establishment. It is Fred who is responsible for the high grade beans we are now getting.

Marjorie Yetten and *Irene Upham* wore the costumes of princesses or queens or some other rank of nobility—maybe duchesses or countesses. Both young ladies had married young and well, and were now happy living on their estates in By Gravia or Lapvia or some such foreign land.

Another popular uniform, besides the Lindbergh one was the trim blue of the West Point cadet. Four of our classmates, *Tony Caminiti*, *George LaRoseé*, *Arthur Holmes*, and *Thomas Connerney*, proudly strutted about, peacock fashion, as though asking those assembled to pause amid the revelry and admire their fine feathers. An everlasting honor to his class is each of the valiant chaps.

As in all functions of this nature, police patronage, or, in this case, matronage, was customary. Two brawny damsels, tricked out in the darlingest of police uniforms—skirts, be-feathered, be-fruited, and be-flowered helmets, and button-up boots of the ankle-covering variety, supervised festivities. In the north end of the hall, with arms akimbo and bright eyes roving, was *Carmela*

Giordano. Opposite her, at the southern extremity, was posted the ever-vigilant *Charlotte Gannon.* Getting full benefit of the eastern exposure was *Alice DeCoste*, chieftainess of the force. Under such protection the land of the free and the home of the brave is safe from all harm.

A pair of bookish-looking individuals, *Margaret Maurer* and *Gladys Davis*, had been slowly strolling about the hall all the evening, circumnavigating it no less than umpsteen or bumpsteen times. They were deeply engrossed in the interesting, fascinating, exciting topic of whether banana oil was best when used as a liniment to massage the backs of books, or when used as a paste to make a reader stick to his subject. *Alice Kennedy*, who was, as well as were the above pair, a librarian, broke in and settled the question by stating that banana oil is most effective when heaved into the river and ordinary paste substituted instead.

Harriet Cox was pestering the dancers by stopping the gyrating couples and asking them persuasively if they wished to take out a few insurance policies. Long hours in an insurance office had addled her head sadly. However, Harriet was the harmless type of lunatic, so she was permitted to mingle freely with her former classmates.

And *Nowell Goldberg!* Poor Goldy, how he had deteriorated! By bits which I picked up here and there during the somewhat hectic evening, I learned that he was one of those beloved College Board Examiners—you know. His propaganduin was that all questions begin—"Express your opinion on the following:—" Tough on the correctors! 'cause an opinion's an opinion, say what you will. Hurray for Goldie!

Under one of the lights that illuminated the festive scene sat two-er-artists. Two be-smocked daubers, *Susan Meyer* and *Ruth Underhill* squatted before their easels doing their worst—very worst—to depict the scene before them. They were liberally smeared with paint; Susan's nose was a grassy shade of green, while Ruth's proboscus had attained a pasty yellow hue. I know not whether Susan had, in some distracted moment, tried to scratch her head with her paint brush, but anyway, it certainly looked as though Susan's painting had gone to her head.

A typical absent-minded professor was *George Rossbach.* In his good right hand he carried a patched-up butterfly net, and in his left was an open book, which was held within two inches of the tip of his nose. This George was reading with absorption, all the while wandering aimlessly about, bumping into dancers and spectators, absently mumbling an excuse, and promptly caroming off towards another pair of dancers. Shades of Mr. Kimball!

Another interesting example of how our classmates have deteriorated: Two demure, severely-dressed young ladies were ambling arm-in-arm about the hall, talking in low undertones. Being interested, of course, I spirited myself after them, and perched me on the head of one of the pair, to listen in on their conversation: "—and I says to the cannibal chief, I says, says I—" They were Missionaries! And saints above, below, and in between! The soul savers were *Marjorie Hoskins* and *Dorothy Teele!* I bet it's great fun being a cannibal.

Now when the arrival of *Ruth Kennedy* made their duet a trio, I was not surprised. Ruth was cut out for a missionary. But when she commenced a vigorous and well-executed

RUDOLPH SUNQUIST
Class Auditor, 1928

ERNEST WRIGHT
Class Athletic Representative, 1928

Charleston, I was. The world is made up of surprises.

Eleanor Totten was dressed-er dressed—you help me out and imagine for yourself how a children's nurse would be dressed. Perhaps the print of small dirty fingers on a not overly-clean apron, safety pins, whistles, tops, and divers pieces of sticky candy artfully concealed about the person—just a case of using your imagination. As would be expected, Eleanor had seduced or coerced or maybe forced her bosom friend, *Eleanor Magoon*, to enter the same profession, if profession it is. Eleanor the Second wore a tired harassed look, but that's probably because she's the type that would spare the rod. I wager none of Eleanor the First's children spoiled for want of good sound chastisement.

Just between you and me, I have a sneaking suspicion that *Marjorie MacNeil's* senior play triumph went to her head, and stayed there. And not only that, but she, like Eleanor the First, beguiled an otherwise perfectly proper young lady to join her—*Ruth Whalen*. Actresses! Those wicked individuals referred to who wear extreme, radical, silken clothing. And I can remember Ruthie to be the kind of girl you could take home and introduce to your proud parents and maiden aunt and still get your weekly allowance. Ah, me, the lure of the footlights!

In one corner (surprising how many people are tucked away in corners) I ran across a group of young ladies animatedly discussing beauty culture. Seems there were lots of beauty culturists from our class. There was *Susan Sibley*, who used to worry so much over her coiffure, and *Lorraine Downing*, who used to pester her classmates so much asking them if her lips were on straight, *Natalie Mosher*, whose pink, shell-like ears caused her so much loss of sleep because of their tendency to protrude, and *Olga Larson*, whose milky-I mean milk-white, complexion was both the envy and pride of the school. There, I thought that was all, but it isn't. *Edna Finney* was there too. The part of the female physiognomy in which Edna specialized was the temple. Edna's temples are universally considered the best developed, best proportioned, most expressive temples anywhere around. Men never notice such things, but much beauty lies latent in the female visages about us.

I may mention the beauty of our female friends, the dancing talent, the dramatic ability, and so on, but I really must pause a moment on the physical development question. Why, our school has turned out Goliaths! Mercuries! Samsons!

Take *Eleanor Childs*, for instance, clad just as she is in bloomers and middy. A veritable he-woman! Twists iron bars, binds horseshoes, opens hermetically sealed sardine cans—a wonderful girl. And *Dorothy Taylor* is another. Her chief accomplishment is managing a wayward husband. And she's got that down to a science! And *Elna Anderson— there's* a marvelous specimen of verile womanhood! Cranks the family Ford (pre-1928 variety), stokes the family fire, and earns the family food. A woman of the ages, no less. *Gertrude Main* is another. Teaches discus-heaving in the School for the Muscle-Bound. They use a man hole cover for a discus. But then, remember she is a graduate of Waltham High. It must be in the blood. Our Alma Mater has turned out some of the bloodiest athletes of the century. Already have I dwelt overly long on the prowess of our ladies of the so-called gym.

There were two fellows there that the still-vigilant female cops should have evicted from the hall. Maybe they were lenient—or timid, I dunno. But these two were really too boisterous. Two sun-tanned heeled and spurred cowboys with hair pants on were gallivantin' about the hall, occasionally uncorking a wicked-looking twenty-two pistol and discharging the firearm carelessly into the air. And once, when I was floating about near the ceiling I actually felt one shot drill thru' me. Of course, it didn't hurt much, but it's the idea of the thing. Why, I might have been killed! Who were the dairymen? *Robert Meadows* and *Earle Harvey*. I heard they had their bucking Fords outside, saddled, bridled, cranked, and champing at the bit rarin' to go back where men are men.

At the rather discourteous request of the female coppers, the cow-chasers beat a hasty exit, on threat of an indefinite incarceration at the local hoose-gow, and I once more took up my sight-seeing trip about the hall.

A gentleman clad in the regal, sombre habiliaments of a common butler, Fifth Avenue variety, strangely attracted my attention. It was *Mayhew Angus*. All his youthful ambitions to be President, a senator, or a fireman had gone flooey, and he had been forced to buttle for his bread.

Walking with Mayhew was *Gosta Zanden*, who was dressed in the grey livery of the common chauffeur. The pair were arguing as to should take the parlor maid to a coming Hi Jinks for Hired Help, providing she recovered from the severe attack of house maid's knee with which she was afflicted. Gosta inadvertently let drop her name—*Katherine Murphy*. Katherine had been unable to attend the Reunion because her house maid's knee was worse, so much worse that Charlestoning was a painful impossibility.

Speaking of Mayhew's ambitions reminded me to look about the hall for *Gerald Young*, who had in his days of adolescence entertained a very laudable ambition to wield the fire-ax and hose. I found him, in full parade regalia talking with—why, the little rascal!—with *William Smith*, who also was decked out in helmet and night-hitch. They run in pairs. I'll bet Jed and Billy have the time of their lives smashing windows, saving dogs and children, and having a good time in general, incidentally covering themselves with glory and soot.

I happened upon a very interesting character in *Ruth Sanderson*. It was not until I had watched her puzzling antics for a few minutes that I could devine her vocation. First she would pass her hands a few times before the startled face of some classmate, and hurl a few incoherent syllables into her teeth, and then—Saints above, she *was* queer! — whirled about thrice and spit contemptuously over her left shoulder. But after seeing her repeat this mad performance a few times I guessed, and, I have reason to believe, rightly, that she was a hypnotist.

Following the hypnotic Ruth warily about was *Beatrice Andrews*. I guessed that she intended to convey the idea that she was a detective or detectivess. In her right hand the female Sherlock carried a large microscope, thru' which Bea was intently peering at all and sundry. She carefully scrutinized the floor, the ceiling, her hand, a mole on somebody's neck—in fact, she scrutinized so scrutinizingly that I was forced to decamp to another part of

the floor, for fear Bea would see me, invisible tho' I was.

Arm-in-arm about the auditorium paraded four be-aproned females, smelling to Heaven of catsup and cheese and coffee and liver and onion. *Ruth Evans* emitted an odor of roast turkey, while the stench of good old cheese of pre-Civil War vintage could be traced to *Silvia Canter*. *Dorothy Mankowitch*, I smelt, was stationed at the fruit counter, while *Delfina Ciarletta* emitted the odor of good strong coffee. I don't want to convey the impression that these waitresses smelt badly. On the contrary, the whole concourse of odors blended aromatically and sweetly into one appetizing perfume. Oh, yes!

Willingly would I omit this that is to follow. And yet, I must gird up my loins, bolster up my courage, draw my belt a notch tighter, grit my teeth, go thru' various other actions designed to instill fortitude and unwavering purpose, and tell the truth.

It wouldn't be half so bad if there was only one of them, or we might even be forbearing and lenient with two, but alas and alack, they numbered six. Six what, you ask? Six tramps, vagabonds, knights of the road, or just plain bums. It matters little what we call them, for the shoe's on the same foot, no matter what color sock you wear. *Paul Carey* and *Vincent Tracy* were impeccably clad in a much-worn outfit of beard, rags and yawning apertures. *Willard Brown* and *Alvin Linnell* wore toeless shoes and tieless collars, and *Guy Perry* and *Herbert Howe* went them one better, in having shoeless feet and collarless necks. Ah, well, there are some people always within our midst, attired perhaps more meticulously and with more of a fastidious eye for the niceties of dress, who do not a whit more work than do our track-walking brethren.

In one section of the hall, farthest removed from the wail and blare of the laboring musicians I found a sizable gathering of twenty-eighters huddled like so many sheep about one central object. The nucleus of this herd of lambkins I found to be *Beth Higgins*. At the point of my arrival Beth, on being severely pressed by the crowd, had consented to pass out some vocal selections. Perhaps you'll remember Beth's vocals in high school. On hearing her declare that she would sing, I quit the hall, and continued my stroll on the unyielding waters of the Charles.

It was while I was sitting perched precariously on the prow of a convenient canoe that was parked in mid-stream minus tail light or forward parking illumination of any sort, trying not to watch the enamoured couple contained therein—it was then that It happened.

The It referred to was nothing more or less than the abrupt appearance of a brother ghost. As common courtesy is due to all brother spooks, I greeted the apparition, albeit in a perfunctory manner. You see, I was afraid it might be a lady ghost, and any cordiality towards that form of wraith could easily end in embarrassing complications.

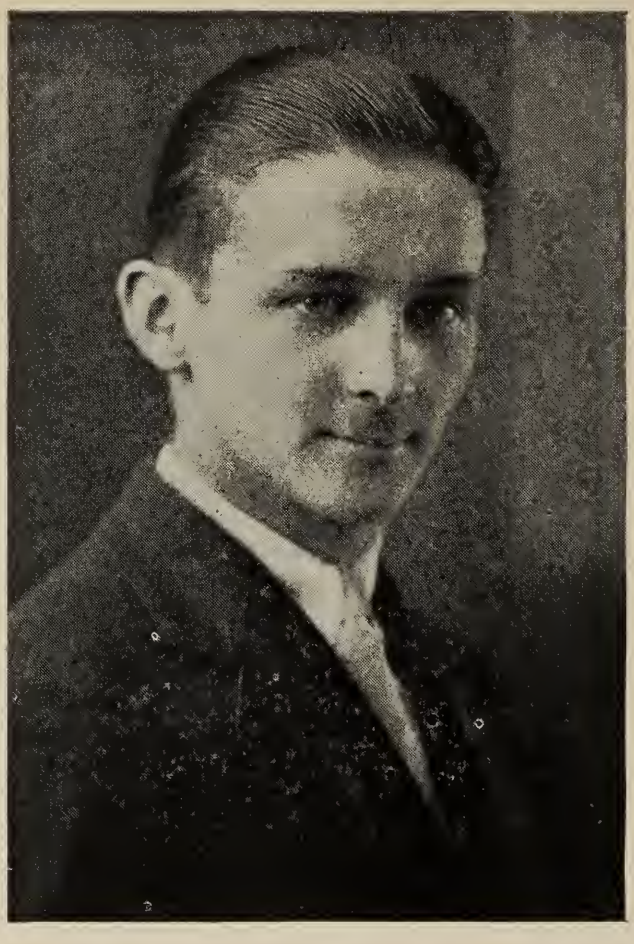
However, a well-delivered not-too-gentle clout on the back proved that the newcomer was no lady, and a yelled "Horack!" told me that I was known.

It was *Walter Peirce*.

After I had affectionately massaged his misty person with playful wallops and loving thumpings, we sat ourselves down for a long, heart-to-heart talk.

First Walter told me about himself.

After his high school days Mr. Peirce had taken up his cavalry work



HERBERT BAILEY
Class Secretary, 1928

PAUL WINTERHALTER
Class Treasurer, 1928

in earnest. From private he had advanced to corporal, from corporal to the rank of next highest, and so on, 'till our classmate was a general, a booted, spurred, and medalled general.

Then one day while he was generalling out in the stable, a hot-tempered cavalry mule was suddenly reminded of divers indignities imposed upon his person by the general in his pre-general days, rose in his wrath (literally), elevated his dynamic hinders, and let drive at the abusive dignitary. He (Walter) was buried with full military honors by the obsequious (literally) Mr. Wentworth.

After my old pal had saddened me with his tale of woe, during which I shed immeasurable quantities of ghostly tears, I asked him about some of our classmates who had absented themselves from the re-union.

Walter told me that two lines from the play "Maker of Dreams"; namely,

"Let every woman keep a school,
For every man is born a fool,"

had impressed *Betty Webber* and *Louise Carey* so deeply that the twain had become school marms. Their novel institution was called "Manners and Modes Academy for Men" and was designed to correct the stigma referred to above by the poet.

Mr. Peirce informed me that the above pair had two star pupils who were both classmates of ours. They were *Arthur Lynch* and *Francis MacLaughlin*, who have progressed so far in their school work as to be universally acclaimed the two most perfect fops going.

I had not seen *Rogers Smith* at the dance, and as it was a most unusual and almost unprecedented occurrence for Mr. Smith to absent himself from any function of this sort, I asked Walter about him. Mr. Peirce informed me that Mr. Smith was abroad in Paris, studying to be a woman's man. You know what I mean—one of those dashing, debonair individuals who have but to look at a member of the contrary (minded) sex and—Presto! Just like that they fall for him. Rogers had gone abroad for further instruction after graduating from "The Manners and Modes Academy for Men".

Walter also told me that a few of the graduating sistren (as opposed to brethren) had formed what is known as a Husband Syndicate. A Husband Syndicate is one of these abominable institutions where we men are traded and bartered like so many cattle.

Four of our lady classmates—and I'm inclined to believe they're no longer ladies—namely, *Sadie MacDonald*, president, *Eva Marcou*, vice president, *Anna Cormier*, secretary-treasurer, and *Jennie Marchetti*, company, owned and controlled this Husband Syndicate.

The idea works something like a second hand automobile shop. If any female doesn't like her model, she takes it to the above four, who, with very little red tape or legal proceedure, take her incumbrance off her hands, and for a small monetary consideration give her either another second hand model or, if the husband hunter wishes to pay more, a brand new one. And both parties go their way rejoicing. In this way we men are kept in circulation.

According to Walter, much administrative ability had long lain latent under the shirt-sleeves of many of our fellow graduates.

Rudolph Sundquist, the general stated, was at the present time mayor of the thriving metropolis of Wayland. During the entire period of Rudy's administration, not a single

bootlegger (or a married one either) had been apprehended vending nefarious liquids in his territory. Walter seemed to feel a pardonable pride in this, but I had by doubts.

William Martowski, General Peirce continued, was the high mucky-muck in metropolitan Waverley. William owed his success at the polls to the fact that he was a personal friend of the General's, which fact brought him the popular vote, and to the fact, also, that once he had kicked the stuffings out of aforesaid dignitary, which fixed him solidly with the khaki-uniformed defenders of our nation.

Another of our classmates—to wit, *Joseph Lennon*—mayored in Lincoln town. It is hoped that the Lincoln highways, and in particular the Lincoln by-ways, will be sufficiently illuminated and patrolled during the early and not-so-early evening hours to prevent—you know what. And Joe would be the first to see that done.

Three of our female friends, according to Walter, had taken up active secretarying on the completion of their hectic high school days. *Lily Chapman* secretaried for Lincoln's Mayor Lennon, while *Eloise Brodrick* assisted the Waverley chief in his arduous duties. Wayland's administrator reveled in the fact that he had secured the much sought-after *Florence Jones* as his typist. There's a trio of young ladies who have made something of themselves!

By this time Beth had ceased her calliopic wheezings, and order and a comparative degree of peace and quiet had once more taken possession of proceedings.

Walter and I strolled about, commenting casually on this, that, and lots that Fate had assigned. Some had drawn from the grab-bag of life the other. Walter remarked on the a rosy apple or a suculent peach, while others less fortunate had drawn lemons.

One of these lemon-drawers was *Anthony Adorno*. Poor Tony in his ignorance had established a marriage bureau in that famous city Reno. For some strange reason or other Adorno's business had thriven not.

We found a couple of fortunate peach and apple drawers in the form of *Ralph Hunt* and *Pasquale Simeone*. The pair were crouched warily in one of Nutting's dimly-lit corners, counting money. Walter told me with a touch of honest pathos in his husky voice that the moneyed pair were bookmakers in sunny Tia Juana.

Speaking from a sartorial viewpoint *Bernard Lennon* and *Arnold Alcorn* were perfect; spats, double-breasted vests, creamy cravats, kid gloves—the tailor's dream.

This impeccably-attired pair, Walter proudly told me, were actors—not the common ham variety, either. That Senior Play raised Cain with our class good boys, didn't it.

One thing I have previously forgotton to mention: while Zelinetsky's hot dog stand thrived competitorless, there were three balloon men!

These vendors of inflated rubber globules, *Angelo Taranto*, *Thomas Bonica* and *James Biondo*, were at sword's point. Price-cutting was indulged in so whole-heartedly that all three were selling at a loss. When prices could be slashed no lower, the rivals contented themselves with bursting the other's stock in trade. It got so that the poping of bursting balloons was almost continuous. The rivalry was so intense that finally all three ballooners let drop their wares and resorted to satisfaction of physical nature. The Vigilant police ladies each grasped a combatant firmly by the slack of his

trousers and forcefully evicted the belligerents à la bums' rush.

For the first time that evening I noticed an officious-looking individual attired severely in funeral black and dingy white, with button-up shoes and sweeping skirts. She was bustling about the hall in a business-like manner, measuring carefully the distance from the lower hems of the dancers' skirts to the floor, picking short black hairs off their shoulders, cautioning the orchestra not to play so fast, and tasting all the liquid refreshments sold, all the while grunting suspiciously. A representative sent from the Y. W. C. A. perhaps, or mayhap a she-Diogenes looking for an honest woman. Walter jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the troublesome female, and, with a note of contempt in his voice, said that it was *Audrey Clark*. Well, worse things have been known to happen, you know.

It was rapidly nearing the midnight hour, and cessation of festivities was in order. Already couples were leaving the floor, and their moist adieus mingled with the last-minute bawlings of the Hot Dog King, trying for a complete sell-out.

The southern section of the auditorium was already emptied, and the crowd was milling about the check room, receiving other men's hats, and other women's umbrellas, when in rushed *Mildred Isaakson Fay*, late as usual. Mildred explained breathlessly that the youngest, Edward Junior, had been fussing and fretting and bawling and what-not all the evening, so that she couldn't get away before. Mildred added that he was now under the sink, probably howling as loudly as ever.

Poor Mildred would have another sorrow to add to those already acquired when the news of the untimely end of her spouse should be gently broken to her. Or would it be a sorrow?

As I have said, the southern section of the floor was already deserted. In fact, two scrub-ladies had already commenced their task of cleaning up after the none-too careful revelers. Walter sadly pointed them out to me as *Helen Rooney* and *Sylvia Meyerovitch*. Fate had certainly handed them one of those yellow-jacketed citrus fruits with a vengeance. And they had been *so* promising! !

Preceeding the pair of dirt-chasers in their rounds was one of those dance-hall beach-comber persons who wander about in the carnage of revelry, searching for such lost articles as money, pocket handkerchiefs, or cigar stubs. The general, his saddened voice still husky, told me that this misguided individual was no other than *Gertrude Berman* who had married early and unfortunately. Served her right; she should have known better.

As I have said, the crowd was milling and surging refluently about the check-room, getting other folks' misfits and hand-me-downs. The check-room ladies I found to be *Elizabeth MacDermott* and *Ursula Kohler*, who had received their check-room training as telephone operators, where they had mastered the difficult art of handing out undesirable numbers.

The hall was fast emptying. The orchestrians were encasing their instruments, windows were being locked, doors closed and bolted. In a few moments the hall was deserted, an echoing chasm. painfully void of all except the memories, memories of days long gone by, of pals since lost to mind, but never entirely forgotten. The 1928 Reunion Dance was ended.

* * * *

My prophecy is finished. All of you, classmates, I hope, will accept my offering in the well-meaning spirit in which it is given. My—or our—prophecy I hope will please many. To those of you who are pleased I am humbly grateful. To those of you—may your numbers be few—for whom our prophecy has not held what you hoped, I offer my sincerest and humblest of apologies.

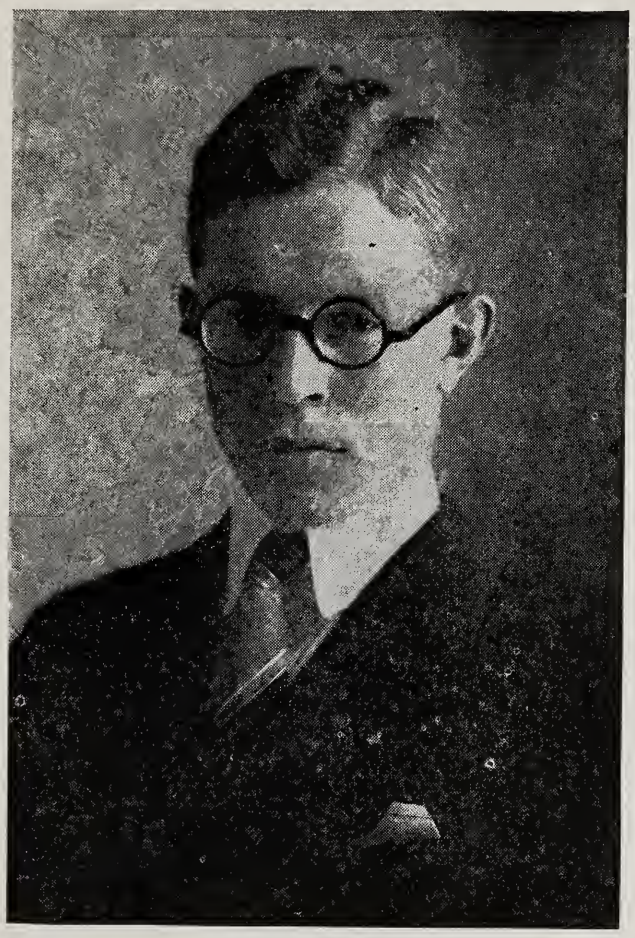
* * * *

P. S. Say, isn't it too bad Editor Farley couldn't have gotten that editorial? Boy, I bet it would have been a wow.

HORACE TAPLEY, '28

Who's Who, Class of '28

Best Looking Girl, . . Audrey Clark
Best Looking Boy . . Walter Arnold
Most Popular Girl Dorothy Taylor
Most Popular Boy . . Ernest Wright
Best Dressed Girl . . . . Louise Carey
Best Dressed Boy . . . . Ralph Hunt
Best Natured Girl Beth Higgins
Best Natured Boy . . Stuart Dexter
Most Studious Girl . . Dorothy Dart
Most Studious Boy . . Jarvis Farley
Most Obliging Girl
Lorraine Downing
Most Obliging Boy . . Rogers Smith
Wittiest Girl . . . . Louise Carney
Wittiest Boy William Pepper
Most Athletic Girl . . Marion Evans
Most Athletic Boy . . Francis Ryan



JARVIS FARLEY
Editor-in-Chief, Mirror, 1928

THE MIRROR

VOL. XIX WALTHAM, MASS., June, 1928 No. 4

"—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"
Hamlet, Act. III, Sc. ii

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EDITORIALS

Once again the time has come when another class must leave Waltham High School. We often hear others tell how they hated to graduate when the time came, and it seemed strange that they should feel so, but now we in turn have the same regrets. To think that next year we shall not be here in the dear old school!—that sounds affected, but it is not. During the three years that we have spent here we have become accustomed to coming, and it will not be natural not to come next fall. We shall get used to it, but still, there will be a great difference. We have grown to like our school.

Next year our ways will part—some of us will go to college, some will go directly to work. All of us will be busy, but not too busy to remember Waltham High School. So goodbye; it is time for us to set out.

JARVIS FARLEY, '28.

* * * *

For the class of 1928 the big year has arrived and has almost gone. On June 21, the members of our senior class will receive the fruit of twelve years in the public schools of Waltham. Scholars, athletes, poets, and musicians of former days will all participate in their last high school activity, as they advance with slow steps and heavy hearts or joy-quickened steps and light hearts—as the case may be— for the presentation of the highly valued diplomas.

Although the class of '28 graduates this June, its members are not compelled to sever all relations with Waltham High School. Both the Alumni and our own *Mirror* afford fine opportunities for graduates to keep in touch with the things the under-graduates are doing. The *Mirror*, in fact, intends to devote an entire department to the interests of the school's graduates, and any ex-member of Waltham High may contribute news or literary articles.

As some of the members of the graduating class are now beginning to realize, the training period of their lives alone has been completed. The time for the application of this training has now arrived, whether in a college, preparatory school, or honest-to-goodness, wage-earning job. No matter what his plans or intentions are, however, the under-graduates and *The Mirror* wish the best of luck and the uttermost success to every last member of the graduating class of 1928.

JOHN MCGURN, '29.

Class Statistics

Name	ANTHONY R. ADORNO	ARNOLD ALCORN
Nickname	Tony	Alky
Favorite Expression	You can live, but don't make a habit of it.	D'y'a think that's nice?
Activities	Class Basketball, 2-3.	Senior Play, 3. Class Day Committee, 3. Hockey, 3.
Destination	Bentley School of Acc. and Fin.	Northeastern.
Name	ELNA ANDERSON	BEATRICE ANDREWS
Nickname	Al.	Bea.
Favorite Expression	Whole Shootin Match	Aren't they adorable!
Activities	Chairman of Entertainment of Commercial Club, 3.	Basketball, 1, 2. Field Hockey 1, 2. Meet, 1, 2.
Destination	Pierce Secretarial School, Boston.	
Name	WALTER ARNOLD	HERBERT BAILEY
Nickname	Most anything	Herbie.
Favorite Expression	Hi kid!	Sure Enough.
Activities	Football, 1, 2, 3. Hockey, 3. Junior Prom. Committee, 2. Senior Play, 3. Junior Social, 2.	Class Auditor, 1. Ass't Student Manager of Football, 1. Royal Vagabond, 2. Secretary of Class, 3. Chairman of Senior Play, 3. In Cast of Senior Play, 3.
Destination	Uncertain	College.
Name	BERTHA BERMAN	GERTRUDE B. BERMAN
Nickname	Birdie.	Gittle.
Favorite Expression	Don't be foolish.	As 't were.
Activities	Latin Club, 1. Glee Club, 1-2. Royal Vagabond, 2. Junior Prom. Committee, 2 Commercial Club, 3.	Glee Club, 2. Royal Vagabond, 2. Social Welfare Committee, 3. Commercial Club, 2-3.
Destination	?	Boston University.
Name	FRED ALLEN BICKFORD	THOMAS BONICA
Nickname	Picky.	Tom.
Favorite Expression	I'll bite!	
Destination	Worcester Polytechnic Institute.	Draught Clerk, Trust Co.
Name	JAMES BIONDO	MILDRED BORDEN
Nickname	Bindo.	Milly.
Favorite Expression	Give us a break.	Let's go.
Activities	Horseshoe Player, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Class Baseball, 3.	Commercial Club, 3. Glee Club.
Destination	Paul's Lunch.	Bookkeeper and typist.
Name	ELOISE M. BRODRICK	MURIEL BROWN
Nickname	El.	Midge.
Favorite Expression	Hey!	Jumping catfish.
Activities	Monitor, 2-3. Secretary Commercial Club. Senior Play Committee, 3. Senior Social Committee, 3.	Royal Vagabond, 2. Glee Club. Commercial Club, 2-3. Senior Play, 3.
Destination	Pierce Secretarial School.	Secretarial work.
Name	WILLARD BROWN	JOANNA BRYDEN
Nickname	Brownie.	Joe.
Favorite Expression	Aw Heck.	Let's begin to start to commence to go.
Activities	Baseball.	Mirror Staff, 1-2-3. Glee Club 1-2-3. Candy Girl at Operetta, 2-3.
Destination	Electrical School.	Bryant and Stratton.
Name	RONALD S. BURCKES	FREDERICK W. BUTLER
Nickname	Ronnie.	Ted.
Favorite Expression		Just another bawl.
Activities		Football. Hockey.
Destination		Mass. Agricultural College.

Name LLOYD CAIL
Nickname
Favorite Expression For crying out loud.
Activities
Destination Fitchburg Normal.

Name TONY CAMINITI
Nickname Cam.
Favorite Expression Don't be so cozy, Syd.
Activities Football, 2-3. Class Basketball, 2-3. Senior Play Usher, 3. Class Baseball, 3.
Destination

Name SYLVIA CANTER
Nickname
Favorite Expression
Destination Stenographer or Secretarial work.

Name LOUISE CAREY
Nickname Squeeze.
Favorite Expression Oh Boy! Peachee Carcher.
Destination Katherine Gibbs School.

Name PAUL CAREY
Nickname Slikum.
Favorite Expression Gotta Butt?
Activities Baseball, 3. Volley Ball, 3.
Destination Vulcanizing.

Name EMILY LOUISE CARNEY
Nickname Emy-Lou
Favorite Expression Oh, Norm!
Activities Mirror Staff, 2-3. Junior Prom Committee, 2. Social Chairman, 3. Class Basketball Team, 1-2-3. Basketball Varsity, 1-2-3. Latin Club, 1. Secretary; Cercle Francais, 3. Vice President.
Destination Fitchburg Normal School.

Name JOHN CASSIDY
Nickname Johnny.
Favorite Expression A couple of chipies.
Activities Football, 1-3. Hockey, 2-3. Baseball, 1. Senior Play Committee, 3. Senior Play Cast, 3.
Destination

Name LILY CHAPMAN
Nickname Lil.
Favorite Expression And how.
Activities
Destination Business School.

Name ELEANOR W. CHILDS
Nickname
Favorite Expression Oh, Heck!
Activities Basketball, 1-2-3. Class and Varsity. Class Hockey, 2-3. Meet, 1-2-3. Mirror, 3.
Destination Boston School of Physical Education.

Name DELFINE CIARLETTA
Nickname Del.
Favorite Expression You're Happy.
Activities Royal Vagabond, 2.
Destination

Name AUDREY B. CLARK
Nickname Aud.
Favorite Expression Comin' Mimo?
Activities Basketball; Gym Meet, Senior Play Candy Committee, 3. Junior Prom Committee, 2. Vice-President of class, 2-3.
Destination Boston University, P. A. L.

Name ELLERY D. CLARK
Nickname El.
Favorite Expression Let's go.
Activities Senior Social Committee, 3. Orchestra, 1-2-3.
Destination B. U. School of Business Administration.

Name ARTHUR COFFIN
Nickname
Favorite Expression
Activities

Name THOMAS E. CONNERNEY
Nickname Nines.
Favorite Expression Sid is spending money again.
Activities Senior Play Usher, 3. Class Baseball, 3. Class Basketball, 3.

Name ANNA CORMIER
Nickname Roma.
Favorite Expression Don't be like that, 'cause you'll grow up that way.
Activities Basketball, 1. Field Hockey, 1. Track Meet, 1. Meet, 2.

Name HELEN CORNETT
Nickname En.
Favorite Expression And how?!
Activities

Name HARRIET COX
Nickname Haryet.
Favorite Expression It's going to clear up and rain.
Activities Monitor, 3. Social Committee in Commercial Club, 3. Class Pictures Committee, 3.
Destination Business.

Name REBECCA E. CUSHINSKY
Nickname Buddy.
Favorite Expression Who said so?
Activities Glee Club, 2. Royal Vagabond, 2. Commercial Club, 2-3.
Destination ?

Name FRANCES DALEY
Nickname Fran.
Favorite Expression Speech is silver, Silence is Golden.
Activities Class Basketball and Varsity, 1-2-3.
Destination

Name DOROTHY DART
Nickname Dot.
Favorite Expression O fish!
Activities Mirror Staff, 1-2-3. French Club, 3. Orchestra, 1. Senior Dance Committee, 3. Glee Club, 1. Red Cross Committee, 1.
Destination Radcliffe.

Name	GLADYS L. DAVIS	ALICE DECOSTE
Nickname	Glad.	Al.
Favorite Expression	Hurry up, Louise!	Don't be sil'.
Activities	Latin Club, 1. French Club, 3.	
Destination	Library work.	
Name	J. STUART DEXTER	LORRAINE DOWNING
Nickname	Stuke.	Laurie.
Favorite Expression	And then I went to sleep.	
Activities		Locker work, 3. Banking, 3. Chairman Social Committee, 3. Senior Dance Committee, 3. Mirror, 1-2. Vice President Commercial Club, 3.
Destination	Bentley's.	Business.
Name	AMY C. DUNDER	HAROLD DURKIN
Nickname	Dunder.	Durg.
Favorite Expression	You would!	Lay down, Smokey.
Activities	Senior Play, 3. Musical Comedy, 1. Entertainer at Social, 3.	Football, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Class Baseball, 3.
Destination	Emerson.	
Name	MARION G. EVANS	JARVIS FARLEY
Nickname	Skinny.	Jarve.
Favorite Expression	There's nothing the matter with us.	Good.
Activities	Class Hockey captain, 1. Class Hockey, 1-2-3. Varsity Hockey, 1-2-3. Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Varsity Basketball, 1-2-3. Athletic Representative, 1-2. Glee Club, 1. Senior Social Committee, 1-2-3. Athletic Editor of Mirror, 3.	Mirror, 1-2-3. Football Manager, 2-3; Junior Prom Committee, 2. Chairman Senior Dance Committee, 3. Senior Play Committee, 3. Senior Play Cast, 3. French Club, 3. Red Cross Committee, 1. Class Basketball, 3.
Destination	Boston School of Physical Education.	Harvard.
Name	RUTH AGNES EVANS	EDWARD D. FAY
Nickname	Rae, Rufus.	Ned.
Favorite Expression	Lissen!	Kole—With—It.
Activities	The Royal Vagabond, 2. Glee Club, 1-2. Poster Work.	Senior Play, 3. Senior Play Committee, 3.
Destination	Secretary—Travel.	
Name	ETHEL FERRICK	EDNA FINNEY
Nickname	Red.	Ed.
Favorite Expression	Christmas.	And how!
Name	DORIS FISKE	CARL FREDERICKSON
Nickname	Dot.	Buller.
Favorite Expression	Anything I can do for you?	That's what she said.
Destination	Evangeline Booth Training Hospital.	Jeweler.
Name	NETTIE FULTON	CHARLOTTE GANNON
Nickname	Sally.	Dink.
Favorite Expression	You would!	Don't be ashy.
Destination		Policewoman.
Name	JAMES E. GANNON	CAROLYN GIBBS
Nickname	Jimmie.	Carney.
Favorite Expression	Leave the room!	Hey-Hey.
Destination		Deaconness Hospital, New Eng.
Name	CARMELA GIORDAN	NOWELL GOLDBERG
Nickname	Mel.	Goldie
Favorite Expression	Say?!	
Destination		Dartmouth.
Name	EILEEN HARDYMAN	JAMES HARRIGAN
Nickname	I	Red.
Favorite Expression	Curses.	
Activities	Meet, 1-2-3.	Baseball, 3. Class Baseball, 3. Class Basketball, 3.
Destination	Framingham Normal.	

Name	EARLE R. HARVEY	BETH L. HIGGINS
Nickname	Red.	Babe.
Favorite Expression	Gosh all fishhooks!	Golly-gee-gosh-darn.
Activities		Field Hockey, 2. Mirror Reporter, 2. Senior Play Committee, 3. Glee Club, 1-2-3. Royal Vagabond, 2. Naughty Marietta, 3. Red Cross Committee, 3.
Destination	Remains to be seen.	Wherever there is room for me.
Name	ARTHUR HOLMES	MARGERY HOSKINS
Nickname	Art.	Marge.
Favorite Expression	Take it easy, Brother.	Is that necessary?
Activities	Usher at Senior Play, 3. Class Basketball team, 3. Class Baseball team, 3.	
Destination	Unknown.	Worcester Normal.
Name	HERBERT HOWE	JEAN A. HUGHES
Nickname	Shorty.	Legs.
Favorite Expression	And how!	You're just the type that would!
Activities		League Basketball, 1-2-3. Class Basketball, 3. Latin Club, 1. French Club, 3. Glee Club, 1-2. Mirror Staff, 2-3. Class Will, 3.
Destination	Uncertain.	Boston University. School of Religious Education and Social Service.
Name	RALPH HUNT	MILDRED E. ISAKSON
Nickname	Wink.	Milly.
Favorite Expression	Well you—?	Pest!
Activities	Chairman Commercial Club, 3. Hockey, 3.	
Destination	The wide open spaces.	Music teacher.
Name	KATHRYN E. JACOBS	PAULINE JOHNSON
Nickname	Jack.	Polly.
Favorite Expression	We'll get shot.	I'm so sleepy.
Activities	Vice President, 1. Junior Prom Committee, 2. Hockey Varsity, 1-2. Basketball Varsity, 2-3. Orchestra, 2.	
Destination	Boston School of Physical Education.	Orchestra, 2-3. Class Hockey, 1. Music.
Name	EVA JOHANSEN	FLORENCE JONES
Nickname		Flossy.
Favorite Expression	You don't mean it.	
Activities	Varsity Hockey Team, 3.	
Destination	Worcester Normal.	Travel.
Name	NATHAN J. KAPLAN	MARION KENDALL
Nickname	Kiski.	Mimi.
Favorite Expression	Loosen up, Sid.	Corker.
Activities	Orchestra, 1-2-3. Senior Play Committee, 3. Class Room Reporter, 3.	
Destination	Syracuse.	Business.
Name	ALICE MABEL KENNEDY	RUTH KENNEDY
Nickname	Al.	Ruthie.
Favorite Expression	For Heaven's sake.	To err is human;
Destination	Business.	To forgive divine. More school.
Name	VICTOR KJOSS	URSULA KOHLER
Nickname	Vic.	Uke.
Favorite Expression	Wink the other eye, that one squeaks.	It's corker.
Activities	Orchestra, 1. Basketball, 3. Class Historian, 3.	Picture Committee, 3.
Destination	Bentley's.	
Name	SARAH KRONGARD	ESTHER L. KYTE
Nickname	Sally.	Es.
Favorite Expression	Don't be silly.	Got your Geometry done, I.
Activities	Glee Club. Royal Vagabond, 2. Commercial Club, 2. Entertainment Committee, 3.	Meet, 1-2-3. Captain of Varsity Basketball, 3. Class and Varsity Basketball, 1-2-3.
Destination	Music.	Bridgewater Normal.

Name	GEORGE LA ROSEE	OLGA A. LARSON
Nickname	Soupy.	Good Night! !
Favorite Expression	Bye now.	
Activities	Football, 1-2. Usher Senior Play, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Class Baseball, 3.	Monitor, 3.
Destination		Boston University.
Name	WESLEY LAURIN	MARIE LAWSON
Nickname	Wes.	Ree.
Favorite Expression	And how!	My word!
Activities		Chairman Social Service, 3. Commercial Club. Glee Club.
Destination	Boston Art School.	Pierce Secretarial.
Name	BERNARD LENNON	JOSEPH LENNON
Nickname	Bernie.	Joe.
Favorite Expression	L'll bite, what is it?	More or less.
Activities	Senior Play, 3. Hockey Squad, 3.	Hockey, 2-3. Captain, 3.
Destination	Any old College.	University of Maine.
Name	HAROLD LEVISON	JACK N. LIBBY
Nickname	Sid.	Big Boy.
Favorite Expression	Hi there, Smokey!	No!
Activities	Football, 1-2-3. Junior Prom Committee, 2. Royal Vagabond, 2. Class Basketball, 3. Class Baseball, 3. Senior Play Usher, 3.	Senior Play, 3. Senior Social Committee, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Class Day Chairman, 3. Class Picture Committee, 3.
Destination	Hebron Academy and Business Administration College.	Costello's Organ School, Theatre Organist.
Name	ALVIN LINNELL	ETHEL LIVERMORE
Nickname	Bill.	Dippy.
Favorite Expression	Step on it!	I guess so.
Activities	Class Basketball, 3. Class Baseball, 3.	Hockey, 2-3. (3, Captain). Class Hockey, 1-2-3. Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Gym Meet, 1-2-3.
Destination	Bentley's.	
Name	CHARLES LOGAN	ARTHUR LYNCH
Nickname	Charlie.	Art.
Favorite Expression	Fer Christmas' Sake. Aw Boloney.	And how!
Activities	Basketball, 3. Baseball, 3. Football, 3. Hockey, 3. Commercial Club, 3.	
Name	MARY MacASKILL	SADIE H. MACDONALD
Nickname	Mae.	Sally.
Favorite Expression	You would. Why not?	Applesauce.
Activities	Class Hockey Team, 2.	
Destination	Worcester Normal.	Who knows?
Name	JOY MacLEAN	MARJORIE MacNEILL
Nickname		Midge.
Favorite Expression	Good Night.	Tell another.
Activities	Literary Editor of Mirror, 2-3. Class Day Committee, 3. Latin Club, 1. French Club, 3. Glee Club, 1.	Latin Club, 1. Glee Club, 1. French Club, 3. (Chef decommittee d'affaires) Monitor, 3. Senior Play, 3. Senior Social Committee, 3.
Destination	College.	Bridgewater Normal.
Name	ELEANOR B. MAGOON	GERTRUDE MAIN
Nickname	Mac.	Scotty.
Favorite Expression	Who's that?	You're a snake, "Fagan".
Activities		Naughty Marietta, 3. Senior Play Committee, 3.
Name	DOROTHY MANKOWICH	JENNIE M. MARCHETTI
Nickname	Dot.	Shorty.
Favorite Expression	I'll see you later.	Gee.
Activities	Hockey League, 1-2-3. Class Hockey, 1-2. Varsity Hockey, 1. Basketball League, 1-2. Class Basketball, 1. Latin Club, 1. French Club, 3.	
Destination	Framingham Normal—Teacher.	Bookkeeper or Stenographer.

Name EVA MARCOU
Nickname Rusty.
Favorite Expression I hope he doesn't call me up tonight. I wan'na go out.
Activities Royal Vagabond, 2.

Name ALBERT MARSHALL
Nickname Al.
Favorite Expression Hey, Charlie.
Activities Commercial Club, 2-3. Basketball, 3.

Name HOWARD MARSHALL
Nickname Butts.
Favorite Expression
Activities Class Picture Committee, 3.
Destination The great unknown.

Name PRISCILLA M. MARSHALL
Nickname Mishy or Cilla.
Favorite Expression A rolling stone gathers no moss.
Activities Picture Committee, 3.
Destination Boston School of Domestic Science

Name WILLIAM T. MARTOWSKI
Nickname Ski or Bill.
Favorite Expression Horsefeathers.
Activities
Destination Northeastern University.

Name MARGARET MAURER
Nickname Peg and Marge.
Favorite Expression Can you magazine that? Oh, Reelah!
Activities Commercial Club.
Destination Private secretary.

Name ELIZABETH E. McDERMOTT
Nickname Betty.
Favorite Expression And how!
Activities French Club, 3.
Destination Katherine Gibbs School.

Name FRANCIS McLAUGHLIN
Nickname Mac.
Favorite Expression Meet every task with a smile.
Activities
Destination Business.

Name ROBERT MEADOWS
Nickname Buttercups.
Favorite Expression And how!
Activities
Destination

Name SUSAN MEYER
Nickname Sue.
Favorite Expression
Activities French Club, 3. Senior Play, 3.
Destination Massachusetts School of Art.

Name SYLVIA MEYEROVITZ
Nickname Sissy.
Favorite Expression Alrightie.
Activities Office Girl.
Destination Secretarial School.

Name WILLIAM MILLIGAN
Nickname Bill.
Favorite Expression No kiddin'.
Activities Football, 1-2.
Destination Northeastern.

Name ALDO MINOTTI
Nickname Al.
Favorite Expression Applesauce.
Activities Basketball.
Destination Mass. Institute of Technology.

Name NATHALIE C. MOSHER
Nickname Nan.
Favorite Expression Jimminy Crickets.
Activities
Destination At home.

Name LUDWIG MOSSBERG
Nickname Lud.
Activities
Favorite Expression Orchestra, 2-3.
Destination Boston University.

Name KATHERINE MURPHY
Nickname Kay.
Activities
Favorite Expression So sorry.
Destination Fisher's College.

Name RALPH NELSON
Nickname Mon Doo.
Favorite Expression
Activities
Destination ?

Name DAVID J. NOLAN, JR.
Nickname Bozo.
Favorite Expression Fits like a tent.
Activities Cheer Leader, 2-3. Baseball, 1-2. Captain, 3. Hockey, 3.
Destination Any old port in a storm.

Name PAUL EUGENE NOONAN
Nickname P. E. N.
Favorite Expression Do you think so?
Destination More or less.
Out West.

Name EUNICE Y. M. O'CLAIR
Nickname O Key.
Favorite Expression Oh swear word!
Destination
Post Graduate.

Name WILLIAM D. PEPPER
Nickname Pep.
Favorite Expression Let's Play. You little heifer.
Activities President of Class, 3. Treasurer of Commercial Club, 3. Naughty Marietta, 3. Royal Vagabond, 2. Dramatic Club, 1-2. Reporter Mirror, 3.
Ambition Cook's Theatrical School, N. Y.

Name RUTH PETERSON
Nickname Pete.
Favorite Expression I dunno.
Activities Class Hockey, 1-2-3. Varsity Hockey, 2. Class Basketball, 2-3. Varsity Basketball, 3. Meet, 1-2-3. Orchestra, 2-3.
Pierce Secretarial School.

Name WALTER PEIRCE
Nickname Peircey.
Favorite Expression O! kid.
Activities Horseshoe Flinger, 3. Basketball, 3.
Destination

Name GUY PERRY
Nickname Tiggy.
Favorite Expression Who's got the peanuts?
Activities
Destination Lynn General Electric.

Name	EDWIN B. PRATT, JR.	HAROLD RINES
Nickname	Ed.	Harry.
Favorite Expression	Smile and be happy.	Is Zat So?
Activities	Orchestra, 1-2-3. Mirror Staff, 3.	Sophomore Social Committee, 1. Football Squad, 1-2. Basketball Squad, 1.
Destination	Conservatory of Music.	New Hampshire University.
Name	ALLEN ROBERTSON	HELEN ROONEY
Nickname	Bud.	
Activities	Monitor, 3.	
Destination	Waltham Trust Company.	
Name	PAUL ROSS	GEORGE ROSSBACH
Nickname	Ross.	Grosen.
Favorite Expression	Well! I wouldn't go so far as to say that!	
Activities	Senior Play, 3. Joke Editor, Mirror, 3.	
Destination	Boston University College of Liberal Arts.	Scientific research work.
Name	FRANCIS RYAN	RUTH SANDERSON
Nickname	Peanuts.	Sandy.
Favorite Expression	Believe me Xantippe.	You would, you're that type.
Activities	Football, 1-2-3. Baseball, 1-2-3. Senior Social Committee, 3.	Royal Vagabond, 2.
Destination	Dean Academy.	Mansfield Academy.
Name	CAROLINE M. SEECKTS	MILDRED SIBLEY
Nickname	Cal.	Mimo.
Favorite Expression	Well of all the —!	Where is my case?
Activities	Hockey Varsity. 2-3. Class Hockey Team, 1-2-3. Class Social Committee, 1.	Class Secretary-treasurer, 2. Senior Play Candy Committee, 3. Mirror, 1-2-3. Chairman Social Committee, 2.
Destination	College.	More school.
Name	SUSAN E. SIBLEY	PAUL SIMIONE
Nickname	Susie.	
Favorite Expression	Is my hair all right?	
Activities	Social Committees. Candy Committee, Senior Play, 3.	
Destination	Mansfield Beauty Culture College.	
Name	NORMAN SLAYTON	A. ROGERS SMITH, 3RD
Nickname	Norm.	Smitty.
Favorite Expression	Why?	Be d—d if I know!
Activities	Senior Play, 3. Senior Social Committee, 3. Head Usher Football Games, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Latin Club, 1.	Football Manager, 2-3. Senior Play Cast and Committee, 3. Alternate Athletic Representative, 2-3. Royal Vagabond, 2.
Destination	Music.	Very undecided.
Name	LILLIAN SMITH	WILLIAM SMITH
Nickname	Lil.	Bill.
Favorite Expression	You'd be surrounded.	
Activities	The Royal Vagabond, 2. Glee Club. Latin Club, 1. Commercial Club, 3.	
Destination	Secretarial work.	
Name	ALBERT SPESSOTTI	RUDOLPH SUNDQUIST
Nickname	Al.	Rudy.
Favorite Expression	Holy Mackerel! !	Don't be so cozy, "Syd".
Activities	President Commercial Club, 3. Business Manager of Mirror, 3. Class Basketball, 3.	Alternate Athletic Representative, 1. Auditor, 2, Junior Prom Committee, 1. Senior Dance Committee, 3. Football Manager, 2-3. Senior Play Usher, 3. Class Social Committee, 1-2-3. Class Basketball, 2-3.
Destination	Bentley's.	

Name	HORACE TAPPLY	ANGELO TARANTO
Nickname	Horack.	Vacca.
Favorite Expression	Fish.	Bull Bananas.
Activities	Cheerleader, 3. Class Prophet, 3. Junior Social Committee, 2. Class Basketball, 3. Mirror Staff, 3.	Commercial Club, 2-3. Class Basketball, 3.
Destination	Post Graduate.	Business School.
Name	DOROTHY M. TAYLOR	DOROTHY G. TEELE
Nickname	Dotty.	Dotty.
Favorite Expression	Hey, Dirt.	I've never seen things so dreadful.
Activities	Naughty Marietta, Hockey, 2-3. Senior Play Committee, 3. Senior Dance Committee, 3.	Senior Candy Committee, 3.
Destination	A home.	Conservatory of Music, Organist.
Name	JOHN B. THOMAS	ELEANOR TOTTEN
Nickname	Gyp.	
Favorite Expression	I think we'll have weather.	Oh, Good Lord!
Activities	Red Cross Committee.	
Destination	Wentworth Institute.	Children's Hospital.
Name	RUTH E. UNDERHILL	IRENE UPHAM
Nickname	Chick.	Renie.
Favorite Expression	Etiquettically Speaking!	Oh, good grief!
Activities	Class Hockey, 1. French Club, 3.	Royal Vagabond, 2. Glee Club. Commercial Club, 2-3.
Destination	Massachusetts School of Art.	Secretarial work.
Name	BETTY WEBBER	DONALD EVERETT WEBBER
Nickname	Lizzy.	Don.
Favorite Expression	I guess so.	Come on home.
Activities	Class Hockey, 1-2-3. Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Gym Meet, 1-2-3. Hockey 2nd Team, 2.	Senior Play Committee, 3. Class Day Committee, 3.
Destination	Secretarial School.	Chemical Laboratory.

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Name	PAUL D. WENTWORTH	JOHN WHALEN
Nickname	Dexter.	Butch.
Favorite Expression	I'll shriek!	Loosen up, Levy.
Activities	Student Manager of Baseball, 2-3. Senior Social Committee, 3 Mirror Staff, 1-2-3.	Class Baseball, 3. Picture Committee, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Senior Play Usher, 3.
Destination	Boston University.	
Name	RUTH WHALEN	PAUL WINTERHALTER
Nickname	Ruthie.	
Favorite Expression	Heh! Heh!	You Lie.
Activities	Chairman Sophomore Social, 1. Chairman Senior Class Pictures, 3.	Football, 2-3. Baseball, 1. Class Basketball, 2. Senior Dance Committee, 3. Class Treasurer, 3. Commercial Club, Chairman of Alumni, 3.
Destination	Fitchburg Normal.	The Rough Roads.
Name	ERNEST R. WRIGHT	NORMAN WRIGHT
Nickname	Red.	Norm.
Favorite Expression	Variety is the spice of life.	It's a secret.
Activities	Football, 2-3. (Captain, 3). Hockey, 2-3. Baseball, 2-3. Athletic Representative, 3. Senior Play,	Senior Dance Committee, 3. Senior Social Committee, 3. Senior Play Cast, 3.
Destination	University of Chicago.	Northeastern.
Name	MARJORIE YETTEN	GERALD YOUNG
Nickname	Midge.	Jed.
Favorite Expression	Why bring that up?	And it came to pass—.
Activities	Class Day Committee, 3.	Commercial Club, 2-3.
Destination	My $50.00 a week.	Work.
Name	GASTA ZANDEN	HENRY ZELINETSKY
Nickname		Hank Zallen.
Favorite Expression		For obvious reasons.
Activities		Orchestra, 1-2-3. Senior Play Usher.
Destination		Wentworth Institute.

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